

NEW WORLD NEWS



NEW BIRTH
OF FREEDOM

PAGE TWO

ONE WORLD, OR TWO?

February 12 is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. As a tribute to his fight for liberty we publish this month the article below by Congressman Walter H. Judd, prominent Republican member of the Congress Foreign Affairs Committee. The cover shows the statue in Parliament Square, Westminster, of the backwoods lawyer who has become the common hero and heritage of all who love liberty.

|||| THROUGHOUT THE WORLD TODAY A FIERCE POLITICAL AND ideological struggle is being waged, the outcome of which will determine who really won World War II, and probably whether or not there is to be World War III.

The plainest fact we face today is that we don't have one world, as we had hoped we would have. We have two worlds. Men and nations are split from top to bottom not only politically and economically but ideologically and spiritually.

It is clear to most Americans today that we cannot get agreement between the two worlds by ignoring what goes on in the rest of the world. Our forefathers came to this country in the beginning to escape the rest of the world. They had an idea, a vision which they were unable to work out in Europe. They came here to plant and develop that idea—human freedom and political equality. For two centuries they had two wide oceans between them and the old world. Then they constructed the steamship, and later we developed the airplane, the rocket and the atomic bomb. With our own inventions we destroyed the oceans as barriers. That ended the possibility of our living apart from the rest of the world.

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|||| By what means can we best influence the thinking and decisions of those peoples who are still free and whom we need as much as they need us?

There are four main means :

First, military measures—the strength of our military establishment and the skill and timing with which we are ready to use it.

Second—economic and financial measures—the strength of our economy and the skill with which we handle our economic relations with the rest of the world.

Third, diplomatic measures—the soundness of our national policies and the skill with which we pursue them through political and diplomatic means.

Fourth, ideological measures—the soundness of our basic ideas and the skill and attractiveness with which we present them to both friend and foe.

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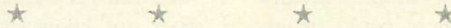
|||| Our weaknesses have not been primarily military or economic. Our greatest failures have been in the political and ideological fields. Americans have specialised understandably in conquering the problems they faced at home—

mostly arising out of developing this great virgin continent and its resources.

For instance, what Americans do we have in the fields of diplomacy and political thinking and education that are the equivalent of Marshall, MacArthur, Halsey, Eisenhower, Patton, and scores of others in the military field? Or of the Fords, Firestones, Edisons, Ketterings, Rockefellers, Harrimans and hundreds of other giants in industry and finance?

We go to the diplomatic conferences with men who are masters of the strategies and tactics of military and economic struggle as our representatives—and come home with bloody noses.

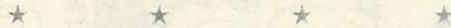
Russia sends to the conferences her Molotovs and Vishinskys with nothing but superb skill in the strategies and tactics of diplomatic and ideological warfare—and they go home with the bacon.



|||| This grave deficiency in our resources is not the result of anyone's design. It is the result of everyone's neglect. We have tended to concentrate so largely on our own domestic scene that we have failed to realise that whether it has a chance to continue depends to a great degree on what happens abroad—or rather, on how effective we can become in influencing what happens abroad towards order and voluntary teamwork.

I recognise it is already terribly late—perhaps too late. Our best hope of avoiding disaster is through mobilising our utmost strength and skill in the political and ideological fields as well as the economic and military. We will win only if we believe so intensely in those basic principles on which the nation was founded and which are responsible for its greatness, that we can out-think, out-work, out-sacrifice and out-last those whose world is founded on violence and lies.

Our difficulties are not insurmountable *if* we can develop within ourselves and other free peoples a sense of mission, a moral compulsion to build in the world the sort of order which our forefathers had the will to build in these United States.



|||| It comes down to how sound and strong and deep is our faith. What our nation and the world must have if they are to be saved is what Lincoln prayed for at Gettysburg, "Under God, a new birth of Freedom"—a new understanding of it, a new dedication to it.

Our concern, therefore, must be that we qualify as a worthy spiritual instrument in our generation, as the founders of our civilisation did in theirs. They built the finest material civilisation the world has seen—precisely because they sought first the dignity and freedom of individual man as a spiritual being. Because they put that first, not second, the political and economic system which they established was one which released, as has never been done in any other time or place, the creative capacities that are in ordinary men everywhere. Thereby has our progress been achieved.

- ★ Is the philosophy of Karl Marx out of date today?
- ★ Why is there a whispering campaign against Burma's Bishop?
- ★ Why is Karl Arnold attacked in the Ruhr today?
- ★ Has Finland disappeared behind the Iron Curtain? asks the . . .

Man in the crow's nest

ON an island lived two tribes, the Cannibals and the Vegetarians. The Cannibals were fanatically convinced that their way of life was right and that it must cover the whole island. They said that all men should equally contribute to the common good and that there could be no greater equality than the Equality of the Common Pot—by compulsion if necessary. The only thing the Vegetarians could agree on was that they did not like the methods of the Cannibals. But then, they did not like each other very much, either.

They were not passionate enough about Vegetables to rise above selfish viewpoints as to how the Vegetables should be grown, cooked and distributed. Some of them were so afraid of being thought intolerant that now and again they enjoyed a small cut off somebody else's joint on the sly.

Some hoped to come to a working arrangement with the Cannibals on the basis, "Live and let live," not seeing how such a philosophy was bound to be unacceptable to any convinced Cannibal.

So the Vegetable Kingdom grew smaller and smaller. Soon it was assimilated into the systems of the Cannibals.

★ Karl Marx out of date today?

Much of the news in the world Press today reflects the fact that materialistic statesmanship believes passionately in materialism, while the statesmanship of Christian democracy does not know quite what it believes. It lacks an ideology and so is divided and defensive in a world ideological struggle.

The British Broadcasting Corporation's debate between Willie Gallacher, the Communist, W. J. Brown, the Independent Member of Parliament for Rugby, and Jim Leask of the Transport and General Workers' Union was an interesting commentary on modern statesmanship.

Gallacher is a convinced Communist. He has been to gaol for his convictions. A strong sense of social justice, and an anger against grievances which should make all decent men angry drove him into the Communist camp. Marx said, "Communism begins when Atheism begins." Gallacher, born on the same day as Christ, sixty-seven years ago, carries a battered New Testament in his hip pocket. "But mind you, I interpret it in my own style," he says.

He, in the broadcast, took the straight party line that equality could only be achieved by a class struggle which succeeded in abolishing all other classes but his own.

Brown, one of the best talkers and ablest writers in public life today, is the son of a sanitary inspector. He created a trade union and then had to fight for his political life against the Communists, who tried to take it over.

He attacked Gallacher with a bitterness which equalled the bitterness of Gallacher. It was a purely anti-Communist attitude in which Brown, apparently unconsciously, became part of the very class struggle which Gallacher advocates.

Leask, a rugged down-to-earth Trade Unionist from the Midlands, without the brilliance of Brown or the galvanism of Gallacher, showed a statesman-



"BE MY VALENTINE"

ship which was a pattern for democratic leadership everywhere.

He did not say one word against Communism, and he obviously shared Gallacher's hatred of social injustice. But Leask said that Gallacher's idea was not big enough, that true Trade Unionism was founded not on the bitterness of Marx but the blood of the martyrs who had given their life work not to create sectional strife but to change and Christianise the character of all men and all nations. He said the ordinary man did not want the ideology of Marx as it lacked a moral basis and therefore was reactionary and out of date.

He said that if Labour and democracy proclaimed and lived a moral ideology, that would remake the world.

★ **Burma's bishop attacked**

Wherever such sound leadership arises, skilful attempts are made by the materialistic forces to smear and discredit it. This tactic succeeded in China, where the credit of men like Chiang Kai-shek, who stood for moral values and might have saved the day was successfully undermined by smear stories invented by knaves and discussed by fools in the democracies.

The same attempt is being made in Burma. Bishop West of Rangoon, one of the very few Europeans to win and hold the confidence of the Burmans, Karens and Chins, a man who has done more to awaken the leaders of the new Burma to the ideological facts of this age and to the dangers of materialistic control than any of the merchants, governors or politicians, is now the target of a skilful whispering campaign by the Communists imported into Burma from China and elsewhere.

Any who know the character of the Bishop, an old footballer, a man who won the Military Medal as corporal in the first World War, will laugh at the charges. But those who spread these stories hope some Burmans may be found to believe them.

★ **What lies behind division in Germany?**

The game inside Germany is the same. There, Karl Arnold, Economic Minister of the Ruhr and Prime Minister of North Rhine-Westphalia, forty-eight next month, is assailed. A determined effort is being made by forces which oppose the establishment of democracy in Germany to discredit Arnold to the Western world. For Arnold is one of the men in Germany on whom sound democracy can be built.

He grew up as a farm-labourer's son amid the grunting of pigs and the stamping of cattle. The stamp of marching feet and the groans of men ended for a time his career as a progressive Trade Unionist, and he was involved in the plot against Hitler in 1944.

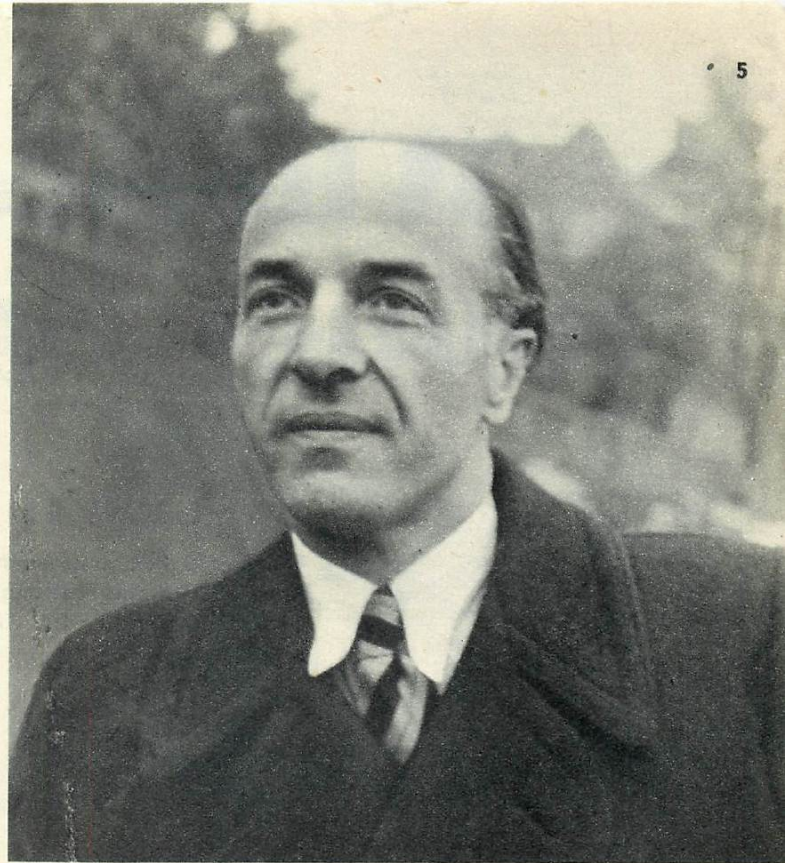
A weakness of Western democratic statesmanship inside Germany is that, lacking an ideological concept, many American and British statesmen deal on the level of political expediency. British statesmen, wishing to see the Socialisation of Germans, will only deal with the Left inside Germany. Americans, believing in free enterprise, will only deal with the more conservative elements.

The Communists exploit this division and say very simple things very loud and very often.

To the Germans they say, "The democracies will never trust you again."

To the democracies they say, "You never ought to trust the Germans again."

One fact that the democracies have yet to learn is that Communism always reinforces its propaganda inside a nation with propaganda about the nation from outside it. This outside



Dr. Karl Arnold, Minister President of North Rhine-Westphalia

propaganda is often poured forth by sources which are not at all Communistic, as in both these cases. But they unwittingly play the Communists' game all the same.

★ **Behind the Iron Curtain?**

A rash statement by one of Britain's spokesmen—that Finland had already disappeared behind the Iron Curtain—may serve to undercut the strenuous efforts the Finns are making to meet the severe economic and political strain under which they live. If it were true it still would not be helpful. But what are the facts? Here are some which are not widely known.

Finland lives under tremendous political and ideological pressure from her neighbour on the east. But she may yet demonstrate the effectiveness of a democratic ideology to win the allegiance of the millions who are not yet captured by a materialistic faith.

During these past few months a group of Finnish patriots has begun to reach the leaders of their country with a conception of the basic moral ideas of freedom. One is the grand-daughter of the founder of Finnish nationalism; another is Finland's leading artist; another suffered six years imprisonment for Communist activities before 1938. When they presented a stage play in Helsinki recently, a Communist Member of Parliament said, "If that idea, that human nature can be changed, and with effects like that, is true, it is one of the most important things in the world. I don't yet believe it is possible . . . but . . . still."

The present Fogenhalm government has taken a keen interest in the work of this group. When it recently dismissed all Communists from the State Police and announced its intention of disbanding the State Police entirely, the Finnish *Daily Worker* attacked it as a "Moral Re-Armament" government.

Links between the Western democracies and countries on the edge of the Iron Curtain are, unfortunately, still too infrequent. But the satellites of the Kremlin may be better informed than many in the democracies on where Finland stands.

Where does the money come from?

BY LESLIE FOX, A.C.A.

Mr. Leslie Fox assisted Mr. Austin Reed, the Hon. Treasurer of the National Committee, which invited the ideological revue, *The Good Road*, to England

SIXTY THOUSAND people came to see *The Good Road*. They came to the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and to His Majesty's Theatre, London. Yet all the seats were free. No one was asked for money. How is it done?

As assistant to the Honorary Treasurer of the Committee of Invitation, I am in a position to tell you. There is no mystery. There is only a miracle. We started by making an estimate—the hire of the theatre and orchestra, wages of the stage hands and theatre ushers, printing, postage and the costs of the cast. Though the cast all gave their services free, there was still the expense of transportation, meals and lodging for them. The estimated out-payments for the six-weeks' run in London totalled about £20,000.

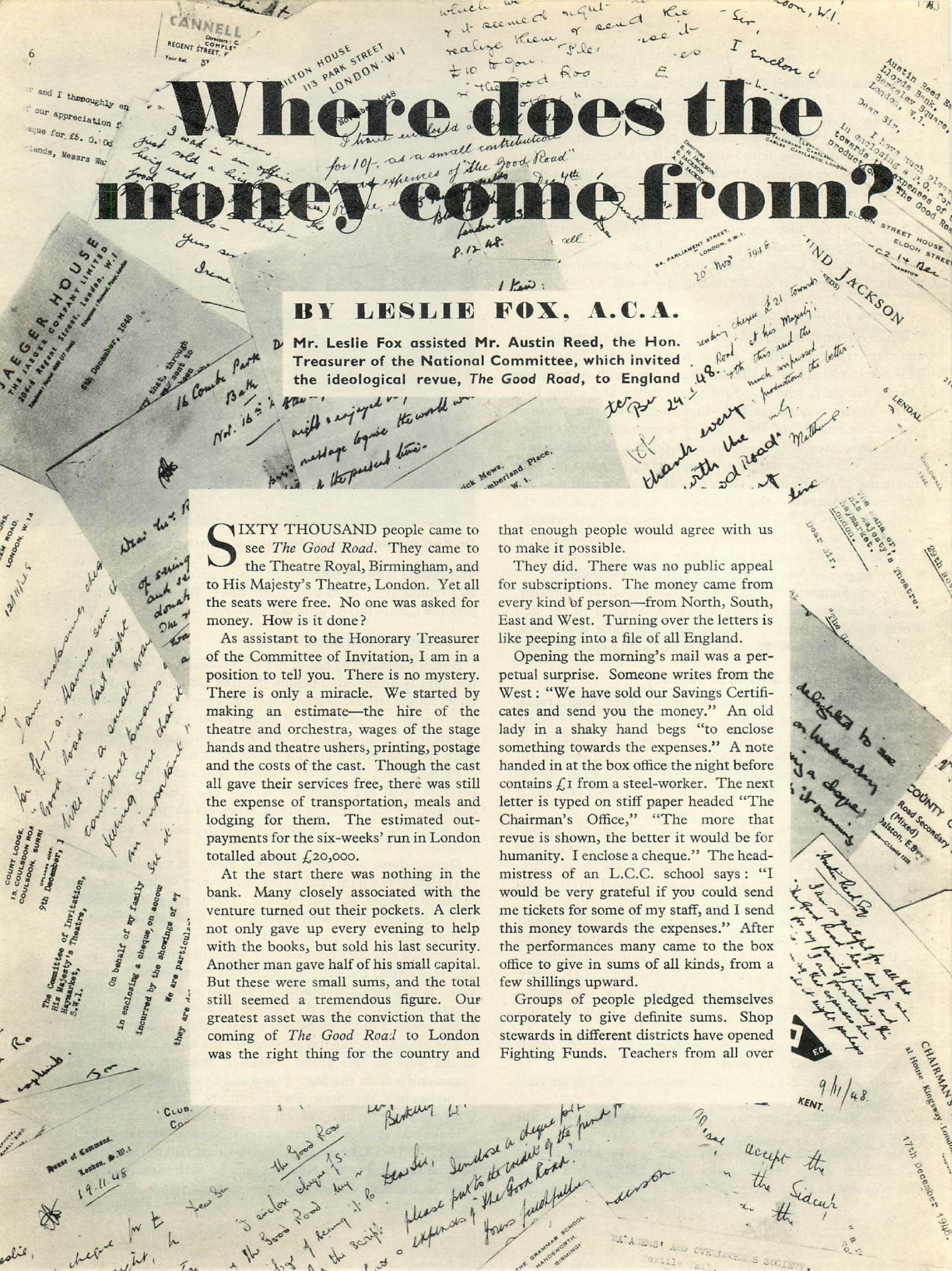
At the start there was nothing in the bank. Many closely associated with the venture turned out their pockets. A clerk not only gave up every evening to help with the books, but sold his last security. Another man gave half of his small capital. But these were small sums, and the total still seemed a tremendous figure. Our greatest asset was the conviction that the coming of *The Good Road* to London was the right thing for the country and

that enough people would agree with us to make it possible.

They did. There was no public appeal for subscriptions. The money came from every kind of person—from North, South, East and West. Turning over the letters is like peeping into a file of all England.

Opening the morning's mail was a perpetual surprise. Someone writes from the West: "We have sold our Savings Certificates and send you the money." An old lady in a shaky hand begs "to enclose something towards the expenses." A note handed in at the box office the night before contains £1 from a steel-worker. The next letter is typed on stiff paper headed "The Chairman's Office," "The more that revue is shown, the better it would be for humanity. I enclose a cheque." The headmistress of an L.C.C. school says: "I would be very grateful if you could send me tickets for some of my staff, and I send this money towards the expenses." After the performances many came to the box office to give in sums of all kinds, from a few shillings upward.

Groups of people pledged themselves corporately to give definite sums. Shop stewards in different districts have opened Fighting Funds. Teachers from all over



CANNELL
DIRECTOR, C. C. COMPLEX
REGENT STREET, W.1
Your Ref. 37

MILTON HOUSE
113 PARK STREET
LONDON-W.1

and I thoroughly on
our appreciation of
a cheque for £5. 0. 0d
friends, Messrs War

I was in an office
being sold a highly
food...
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
Dear Sir,
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
London Dec 14th
P. 12 48.

I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
Dear Sir,
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
London Dec 14th
P. 12 48.

CHARITABLE
E. JACKSON
A. JACKSON

24, PARLIAMENT STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.
20th Nov 1948

WIND JACKSON
ELDON STREET HOUSE,
ELDON STREET,
LONDON, W.1.
C-2 14 Dec

JAEGER HOUSE
THE JAGERS COMPANY LIMITED
194-4, REEFER STREET, LONDON, W.1
8th December, 1948

I am enclosing a cheque
for £1-0-0. Having seen the
like in a small amount
contributed towards the
production I thought that it
was important to
see it.
On behalf of my family
in enclosing a cheque, on account
incurred by the showings of 'The
Good Road', which they are all
delighted to see
on Wednesday
being a League
of Friends
I am so grateful for all the
help and interest shown to me
for my family financial and
for my family financial and
for my family financial and

House of Commons,
London, S.W.1
19/11/48
cheque for £
19/11/48

16 Combe Park
Bath
Not. 16th 1948

with a enjoyed
message because the world was
& the present time.

thank every
with the
Good Road
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
Dear Sir,
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
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P. 12 48.

Dear Sir,
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delighted to see
on Wednesday
being a League
of Friends

I am so grateful for all the
help and interest shown to me
for my family financial and
for my family financial and
for my family financial and

9/11/48
KENT.
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
Dear Sir,
I have enclosed a cheque
for 10/- as a small contribution
to the expenses of 'The Good Road'
London Dec 14th
P. 12 48.

enclose a cheque for
please put to the credit of the fund
expenses of 'The Good Road'.
Yours faithfully
The Grammar School
Handsworth
Birmingham

MARSH'S AND OVERLOOKERS SOCIETY
17th December 1948

the country decided to pay for one night. Some gave up holiday money and others their savings to raise the amount. Night by night the orchestra we had engaged played in the pit and peeped over the edge of the stage to see what was happening. At Christmas time we had a letter from four of them returning part of their wages to help the expenses.

An industrial delegation from Sweden writes: "We have two representatives from management, one foreman and five workers. We are especially interested in getting in touch with MRA to study its work inside industry. We should like to see the ideological revue, *The Good Road*." After seeing it they gave a donation.

Much of this giving represented real sacrifice. While men will give donations to good causes they will spend millions to finance a war. Good causes are financed out of surplus. Wars are financed out of sacrifice. And today there is a war—a war of ideas. People saw *The Good Road* as an effective weapon in this war and they were prepared to sacrifice for it.

A Naval officer sent all his war gratuity. A small company wrote to say their Board wished to invest £1,000. A typist sent the proceeds from the sale of her bicycle, saying she had nothing else she could give. And it was not only money; out from one registered envelope fell a gold coin, and from another some valuable rings. A women's hairdresser offered a number of free appointments. Every type of home all over London gave hospitality as their contribution. People "doubled up," used their sofas or put up extra beds to accommodate the cast.

It was not only the audiences that sacrificed. Many of the cast had sold homes and cherished possessions to get *The Good Road* started. When the audited accounts are produced, the figure for the salary of the entire cast of 250 will stand at nil.

Money is still needed to cover the final expenses. But letters continue to bring donations. There is also the considerable overhead of maintaining and equipping such a force for its present and future campaigns.

Financing a film

Hundreds have asked if *The Good Road* could be made into a film. Already money has started to reach us for this purpose. One man wrote to say: "I have just inherited my father's estate. I would like to give the entire amount as a start towards making the film."

It is natural to ask what do people get from this investment. What are the dividends? A Member of Parliament put it: "This play brings the stage back to its ancient function of presenting big ideas." Night by night hundreds from the packed audiences would stay behind and talk with the cast. Here is a Labour leader asking how the spirit of the play can be brought to his Union, there a business man discussing how his Employers' Association could spread it abroad. A shop steward tells us that he settled a strike at once when he began negotiating on the principle he had learned through *The Good Road* of not "who's right," but "what's right." Other shop stewards from many of London's largest factories brought hundreds of their fellow workers. Representatives from fifty companies are arranging courses of ideological training so that in their works more and more men will understand and fight for a sound ideology.

An Ideological Force

This is carrying out in practice what six of the T.U.C. General Council have said: "Moral Re-Armament is uniting people of goodwill in an inspired ideological force. It is giving Europe a great positive alternative to class war."

Subversive forces often take root because of the deterioration of our family life. In ten years the divorce rate has multiplied by ten. Yet through this play, thousands of families have been strengthened. Couples on the point of separation have been brought together again. One man whose wife had decided to leave him rang up the next morning after seeing the show. "We talked most of the night," he said, "I've had to apologise and together we have made a new start."

Great changes have come in our ideas about money. Under the Marshall Plan billions of dollars are being sent to European countries as an ideological investment. But these countries need more than dollars, they need a fresh and vivid re-statement of their basic aims. The free nations need an over-arching ideology which can motivate the statesmen and capture the heart of the ordinary man.

Good ideas do not automatically win out just because they are good ideas. Ideas win out by the passion with which they are held, understood and lived. The thousands who flocked to see *The Good Road* felt again the passion for the truths that made this country great and can rebuild a free world. It was for that they gave. It was in that they invested.

Machinist		12	6
Labour Editor	10	00	
Widow	1	00	
M.P.	2	00	
Shop girl		50	
East London Mayor	10	00	
Accountant	50	00	
Housekeeper	1	00	
Auctioneer's clerk	2	00	
Officer	194	15	10
Typist		100	
Clergyman	1	00	
Welsh playwright	50	00	
Bus driver		150	
Hotelier	20	00	
Ambassador's wife	1	100	
Labour Leader	1	00	
Doctor	100	00	
Housewife	2	00	
Miners' leader.	1	00	
15 Teachers	107	76	
Men's outfitter	10	00	
L.C.C. employee	1	00	
Florist	3	46	
Children's nurse	10	00	
Mechanic		100	
Exporting firm	500	00	
Railway executive	5	00	
Headmaster	1	00	
Masseuse	7	00	
Farmer	25	00	
Accountant	5	00	
Editor	10	00	
Personnel Manager	2	00	
55 Workers	37	26	
Bank Director	21	00	
Clerk		39	
Captain R.N.	25	00	
Crime Novelist	5	50	
Privy Councillor	2	00	
Tailor	1	00	
Eng. Company	100	00	
Swedish workers	5	00	
Garage proprietor	20	00	
Shop steward		126	
Group Captain	10	00	
Factory manager	25	00	
Fitter		50	
Head Oxford Coll.	10	00	
Housewife	2	20	
Student	10	00	
Secretary	5	00	
Motor Agent	10	00	
Retired I.C.S.	1	00	
Bank clerk	5	00	
Housewife		76	
Kenya farmer	50	00	
Trade Unionist	1	00	
Liberal Peer	5	00	
Headmaster	49	00	
Dental surgeon	3	00	
Stationer	3	100	
Textile employee	25	00	
Film worker	10	00	

Do Picture

WE PRINT THIS MONTH THE FIRST OF A SERIES ON "THE SEVEN PILLARS OF RENAISSANCE"—ART, MUSIC, PRESS, RADIO, BOOKS, THEATRE AND FILMS

the otherwise exquisitely bare expanse of their thin dis-tempered walls.

Is it all, then, just a matter of taste and passing fashion and one which the busy man can well afford to leave to those with more leisure for such matters? "Pictures," we may argue, "are not important," and all we see around us on hoardings and in the daily papers, at the cinema and in illustrated magazines, really affect us very little beyond helping us to spend an entertaining evening or to decide on the relative merits of various toothpastes.

The days are past, we say, when a king might choose his queen on the recommendation of a portrait, or when men such as Jan van Eyck and Paul Rubens would combine very successfully the posts of court painter and of ambassador or diplomat. The artist's life work, we conclude, unless he is a commercial artist, has little or nothing to do with the life we lead day by day.

It may be safe to say this of the democracies for a little longer, but it is not true of an ever-increasing number of other countries. In some parts of the world today the artist and the musician and all the cultural societies are expected to march side-by-side with the policies and plans which are affecting millions of people.

To the Russian fighting in the last war art was recognised as an essential weapon. Huge portraits of Lenin and Stalin were immediately hung in the city squares of the conquered towns. Hundreds of tons of pornographic magazines were imported in an attempt to soften up the morale of the people. Ballet dancers, musicians and actors were rushed, and in some cases even flown, to the spot, to follow up the territorial conquest with one which was to be both mental and ideological.

Consider the case of the artist in Russia today. Not for him

WHAT is your favourite picture? Would you choose an old painting from the Dutch School; some lovely scene in a high room where the light falls on a quiet woman who pours from a jug before the window; a picture which reflects that longing for peace felt so strongly by all the Dutch painters after the Wars of Independence of the sixteenth century?

Or would you turn to more recent times and make your choice from the contemporary scene—enjoying the ordered chaos of a modern painting, in which the enigmatic forms and subtle colours reflect the spirit of our age? But perhaps your taste is quite different and for your favourite you must point upwards to some enormous mythological or religious painting, its position above your head speaking of a time when men looked to the heavens as a place from which order and justice might come and not where one looks today when expecting bad weather or bombs.

Or are you one of those who think pictures matter hardly at all, considering them only as something which one looks at occasionally and dusts regularly? "Pictures," the modern decorator says, "the fewer the better" and—"When in doubt, don't." So the young people of today who stand in their new home with a picture to hang are faced with a dilemma. It is not, however, that of their grandparents, whose problem was where to put one more violent storm scene amongst the mosaic already fitted on to the walls of their snug home. They have to decide where to put that one picture in the exactly right place on



Propaganda art in Nazi Germany

s Matter?

BY AUDREY HAIGH

the pleasant byways of a Royal Academy of pink gentlemen and green fields. For in the State-supported exhibition of the U.S.S.R. every cow must stare with an ideological gaze as it chews its collective cud. And every shining ridge and furrow of the co-operative landscape must speak of the success of some Five- or Ten-Year Plan.

Propaganda pictures

What then of the painter in Germany, the man who, when a boy, might well have been the subject of the picture illustrated on this page which was painted during Hitler's rise to power? He can be seen in the corner of the canvas looking at the marching men. His back is turned upon the others, whose upraised fists and slogan written on the wall speak of a rival ideology. But the boy who stood in the picture and was fired by the Nazi ideals is now the man who looks on the ruins of his beautiful cities. He knows this destruction is the logical outcome of an art which for over twenty years glorified his country with mammoth statues and huge paintings glorifying the soldier and the arts of war.

What future is there for the artist still free to make a choice; he who now sees the ideas of class struggle and hatred appearing with force and passion not only in one country, but as far afield as Mexico and a Rockefeller Centre or on the walls of some ancient Chinese town, or even on the sober shelves of some British bookstall?

Most authorities say it is better to leave the dangerous realm of ideas strictly alone. Propaganda art, they cry, is bound to be bad. Therefore let us confine ourselves to descriptive work, the imagery of dreams and the problems of the psychological clinic.

But the voice of history says exactly the opposite. It is not the propagating of ideas which makes art bad, but the propagating of bad ideas. From century to century and in one culture after another the proofs emerge that all the greatest periods of art have come when men dealt with the flesh and blood, the bones and sinews of great ideas.

There is no more fascinating study than to trace the Renaissances of the past to their roots. One soon learns that those significant changes—the big strides forward in technical power or a new depth of feeling—have always been the result of an impact on the artist of a new spirit acting like yeast amongst his contemporaries. It may work consciously or unconsciously through his paintings. But history shows us that these ideas sometimes spread so fast that they change the shape of whole civilisations.

The world's most important picture is the painting of a fish. Think of the message of hope brought by the early Christians of the second century when they painted the rough sketches of their secret symbol, the Fish, on the walls of their underground hideouts in the catacombs of Rome. They could not all, perhaps, have



Pro Patria—John Armstrong

Reid and Lefevre

explained why these almost gay little pictures, representing Christ and based on an acrostic from the Greek spelling of His name, represented the ideas which were to prove the inspiration of the greatest art culture the world has yet seen. Nor could they all have realised that the very availability of a salvation as universal as the eating and drinking of the Bread and Wine, which the Fish carries on its back, was in itself the answer to all the complicated searchings implicit in nearly all the art forms of the Ancient World.

But they did know when they looked at these paintings that they held the secret of happiness for all men. It is for this reason and for the others mentioned that some people consider this to be the world's most important picture.

Think then of the woman from the thirteenth century who looked up and saw Giotto's painting of the Madonna and Child for the first time. Never before had she been able



"The world's most important picture"

to see a likeness between her own and Mary's Son. How much easier after that look to believe in her heart that the warm child on her knee might grow up to be like Him. The Church had always told her this. But up till that moment she had never been able to see pictures of Jesus except as a miniature man—sitting uncomfortably on the knees of His magnificent Mother. From the many wonderful Byzantine mosaics made up of small pieces of coloured glass she had already learnt that Mary was Queen of Heaven and God the just Judge of all men. But never until the moment when Giotto began to paint pictures that looked solid, had a picture spoken to her through her eyes about the intended likeness between her own and the Holy Family.

What then was Giotto's secret; that great rugged painter, the first to be able to draw men with their feet on the ground instead of floating on air? For he could show from the simple painting of a man's back view more clearly what was going on in the depths of his soul than many could show from a far more complicated painting of the face.

Giotto lived in a time of great ideas which was matched by his native skill. But not only had he heard these great liberating truths from the Church. He had seen them actually worked out in his home town and village of Florence and Assisi. He lived in the same century and walked the same streets as St. Francis. And he lived just long enough after the saint's death to know

Madonna and Child, by Giotto



that his answer to the materialism of his time was no mere passing whim, the gesture of a charming but eccentric man.

Moreover, he had seen many others abandon the security of their safe jobs and the lustre of important positions to follow this road. The Church had come alive again and new buildings were being put up everywhere. In these his task was to paint in the new technique of fresco painting the story of St. Francis' life and the simple story of the gospel with a new warmth and vigour—to reveal the hidden depth of Christianity and to provide the inspiration of hundreds of great artists to come from lands as different as Greece, Germany, Russia and France, England, Spain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries.

That great ideas have an effect on art and art has a vital part to play in affecting civilisation is not, of course, true only in the case of Christian ideas. One of the most remarkable revolutions brought about by new ideas occurred before Christianity had been revealed, in the years immediately after 1375 B.C. If the ideas brought to Ancient Egypt when King Akhenaton and his Queen Nefertiti came to the throne had been continued vigorously by their descendants, the whole history of the world would have been changed. They were, in fact, the first rulers who dared to sweep away the fearful worship of the many half-gods, half-beasts of their forebears, and to believe in one god, whom they regarded as a loving father.

The king and queen came to this belief by studying the sun. When they realised that its warmth gave light and life to everyone and everything, they wrote a poem to Aton, the spirit that lives behind the sun.

Soon the king set up milestones at the limits of his sacred city carved with the figures of himself and his wife and daughters worshipping Aton. From that time the artists of his reign never painted or carved any other god. The symbol of the sun, a disc, appears wherever the king and queen are represented, and its long rays always end up in a small hand in the act of blessing, to show the character of the god.

King Akhenaton's favourite title for himself was "Living in truth," and this provides the key to the amazing new realism which is seen in the wonderfully sensitive portraits of Thutmose, the royal sculptor, discovered in the studio at Tel El Amarna. There they found Nefertiti in all the beauty which we can still admire; and Akhenaton—handsome? Oh, no—he appeared just as he was, a little man with



Mosaic from Ravenna

a big head; remarkable and significant, because this was the first time that a king consistently had himself represented as he really was, stripped of the heroic proportions which for nearly a thousand years had been considered the only possible official appearance of a reigning Pharaoh.

This personality was to have another very remarkable effect on the artists and the minds of his people. It all came about through the fondness of the king for the queen and their children. Instead of the vigorous but stiff figures of the old paintings, the artists now, with extraordinary rapidity, developed new techniques as they showed the royal family in a series of amazingly human and varied activities.

This artistic revolution lapsed for the lack of strong support into the formality of the past. But it is none the less remarkable for what it shows us of the rapidity with which a change can come in any culture, providing the ideas behind it are vital enough.

Pictures, then, do matter, for through them people find fresh truth. Against a background of global confusion and the clash of rival ideologies, artists today have a bigger part to play than they have ever had. They can lead us out of the shadow of another Dark Age into the light of a great Renaissance—a Renaissance which will be more glorious and more widespread than any which the world has ever seen before.



2. ABSOLUTE PURITY BY KENASTON TWITCHELL

New World News continues this month the series on the ideology of freedom which Mr. Twitchell started in the December issue with his article on Absolute Honesty

THE high State official drew in his breath sharply. Young in years, he was old in experience. And he was seeing something for the first time in his life.

On the stage before him were 100 young men and girls in the range of seventeen to twenty-five years of age. They were the chorus of the musical revue, *The Good Road*. Some of them had known the feel of flak over Berlin, the ugly rattle of machine-gun fire on the battlefronts of the last World War. Most of them had tasted the personal power that comes with physical charm. All of them knew the inside story of human nature because they had been taken to the hearts of people and places in many lands. And all of them showed in their faces the radiance that

transfixed his eyes.

"I never believed absolute purity was possible," he said quietly, "until I saw it written on those faces tonight."

The evidence of moral malnutrition lies around us in every village and town, farm and factory. The young couple who were tricked into the belief that romantic love alone was the basis for entering marriage and lost a fair chance to build a home; the moral chaos in the lives of teen-agers in their pathetic and futile chase of the thrill that satisfies; the public enemies who make money out of moral defeat and care not a damn for the hell on earth they cause; these are only a few of the symptoms.

Atomic war is today a threat so terrible that men hold the thought of it at a

distance to keep it from penetrating into their minds. Yet for this generation, as for every other in history, there is a penetration into the heart of society that threatens a slower but no less sure extinction. Moral decadence has eaten out the heart of civilisations before ours. It would be a bold man who would argue that better schooling and penicillin have cured this continuing cancer in modern life.

Both these tragic destinies, atomic war and moral decadence, must be understood and the answer—moral re-armament—brought with precious speed on a world scale. This slower sickness can spread through broken homes, industrial strife, ideological blindness and class war until the democracies are weakened to

exhaustion and unable to stand against the modern threat of barbarism. The strength of any nation can be measured by its fight for purity. When this moral bastion goes, infection creeps through the whole fabric of society. Then honesty depends only on the possibility of getting caught. Loyalty lasts only as long as it is expedient. Cooperation must pay an obvious cash dividend, or give way to "every man for himself." This civilisation—that means your children and grand-children and ours—will know suffering beyond any calculation unless we face these facts and start to fight.

Absolute purity is an absolutely necessary goal for men and nations.

Preparation for Dictatorship

Well do the agents of subversion know the importance of this moral keystone. Two such agents were recently sent to a Norwegian university to propagate their ideology. They were told to say nothing of that ideology for two years, but to spend every energy in breaking down the moral standards of the students. The strategy was accurate, on the line. For when moral anarchy takes over, most men and women are easy targets for a ruthless philosophy of total materialism. They welcome a tyranny of dictatorship from outside themselves because they have lost control within.

Absolute purity is a positive, vibrant force that arrests the decline of civilisation and sets men and women free. And it can be found by anyone at any time.

A man or woman can do three things with sex energy. Two are well known. The third is an exciting secret.

They can be taken over by instinct into indulgence until that instinct holds a tyrant's whip over their natures.

They can try to contain that boisterous energy by their own wills until they become irritable and grim, and finally lose the fight.

These are the common ways—indulgence and repression. The third way is rare but valuable beyond any price. It is the *redirection* of this energy into creative caring for people and the fight for a decent world.

Absolute purity takes discipline. The redirection of this force calls on the mind and the will for the strength that is theirs to give. A mind that is clear will know that weakness in this area is not only wrong but stupid.

The chief characteristic of Evil, we have been told, is that he is a liar. In no

sphere does this quality appear more vividly than in the whispers to the mind when instinct tries to take over control.

"Everyone does it," "After all, it's natural," "Science makes indulgence safe."

The make-up of the mask is soft and inviting; the reality behind the mask is bitter and hard.

For the mind that is clear however, these ancient slogans of compromise will be labelled for what they are, and the mind will be on guard against the sophistry that tries to make right what it knows to be wrong.

The will, fortified with this knowledge in the mind, will stand strong at the first suggestion of sabotage. It will break at its first attack the melancholy sequence of "the look, the thought, the fascination and the fall."

Yet mind and will are like sawdust before the assault of instinct unless they are reinforced by a stronger power. When trouble knocks at the door of my mind, I cannot fight it alone. I must call on the strength of God. Only a passion can conquer a passion. Only the mind and will reborn in the power of God will know the amazing freedom of absolute purity. In that renaissance of character there comes a burning love for people, a love that gives without demanding in return.

This passion, born of the passion of Christ, comes through our natures like the sweep of a mighty, quiet river, catching up every energy of heart, mind and will in its flood. There is given a kind of caring that inspires others to live as they have never lived before. And in the process the giver finds that the raw material of his own human nature is lifted and set free. The God-given energies of re-creation reinforce the mind, the heart and the will in a thousand ways.

Water in its natural state has certain vital uses. Water heated and turned into steam can run engines which water alone cannot move.

Culture blossoms

So with these energies of the affections. They can be used in the reproduction of the race, in the reinforcement of the heart and mind and will, and in a renaissance of culture and creative living.

A single man or woman finds in the discipline and freedom of absolute purity complete satisfaction, health and the free use of every energy and affection.

The married man and woman finds exactly the same freedom in this re-direction of instinct, along with what-

ever natural use of it God may direct.

This redirection is the ABC of human happiness. It does not come easily. Yet no one need fight this battle alone. The illusion that I am unique is another fabrication of foolishness. Human nature is the same in any clime and under any colour. The knowledge that others fight the same battle is a major help. The sight of others on the good road to freedom gives a spur to ours.

Men and women supplement each other in a thousand ways. The special gifts of each are poured out for the good of all. Youth is no longer marred by a futile chase pursued in a fever of jealousy. Adventure is no longer something to be stolen out of life, an escape from reality. Boredom gives way to the fascination which sees in others what they can become and then sees that possibility take form.

The price of Renaissance

If even a minority of people in any community capture the lifting power of absolute purity and pour the energies of their caring into the national blood-stream, then health and production and creative genius flourish. Then nations are on the road to renaissance.

The "New Testament" abounds with declarations to rejoice, to live "that your joy may be complete." A radiant inner joy was a trademark of an authentic experience of change and that change was so apparent that it was obvious even to the world outside. Yet the cost of that joy was high. "Only the pure in heart see God," He said. The Cross stands at the centre of this level of living. Self-giving for the miracle to happen in others, joy in the freedom of our own are the twin rewards of rebirth. And only in rebirth, in the complete revolution of personal life until it is fixed in God, are absolute standards possible.

Out of that fellowship comes the moral backbone that makes a nation stand up straight. Out of that crucible of human nature come creative happy homes with children that grow into freedom and strength, homes where friends find their spirits nourished as well as their stomachs. Where people are real and laughter lifts the heart to a fresh beginning. Out of that change of heart there grow communities that carry the answer to the modern curses of factional feuds and indifference.

Out of that pulsating organism of men and women come to life, there rises the power for a civilisation to survive and come to its true stature in God's creation.



PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER

BY MARY MEEKINGS

Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Lena Ashwell—this article tells part of the vivid story behind those magic names of the theatre

A QUEER-LOOKING child, handsome, passionate, nervous, she stood up to read the speech from Richard II. She began slowly, then she flung away the book and began to act, in an undisciplined way, of course, but with such true emotion, such intensity that the tears came into my eyes. The tears came to her eyes, too. We both wept, and then we embraced, and then we wept again."

That was how Ellen Terry described her first meeting with Lena Ashwell. The "passionate nervous child" was to grow into one of the great actresses of her generation, into the woman whom Irving begged to take Ellen Terry's place, and later asked to carry on his fight to maintain the traditions and position of the theatre.

Lena Ashwell grew up as an actress in the old days of the actor-managers, with their own theatres where you could go for the particular type of play that suited your taste. There was Wyndham at the Criterion, Irving at the Lyceum, Tree at His Majesty's, which he built himself. These men's theatres were in a sense their homes; Irving entertained at the Lyceum most of the distinguished guests from abroad. Their companies, too, were more than a passing association; the young actors were apprentices who gradually learnt their art from watching and working with the experienced players. And till just at the end of Miss Ashwell's time in the theatre, there were no producers; the company, including the actor-manager, worked together, building up the life and rhythm of the play, repeating a scene many times till the desired effect was reached. Lena Ashwell wrote: "To be engaged in these managements was as if you were permitted to pay a visit at some distinguished house where your host was always present to see that all the fine traditions and accepted laws of hospitality were conformed to and where

everyone knew his or her position in the general scheme of life." There were rigours to the profession, too—at the time Miss Ashwell began, acting was still looked upon as a risky business and not quite the thing for a young lady to undertake.

Born in the ship of which her father was the captain, she drew in a taste for adventure at an early age. The children's nurseries were on the lower deck of what tradition said had once been Nelson's flagship, and now was a training ship in the mouth of the Tyne. The children used to peer through the barred windows at the swirling currents below. Once a man rushed frantically on board to announce that a murder was being committed; a child was being pushed through the bars into the sea. Lena had fastened some darning wool round her young sister's stout little waist and, persuading her that a swim round the ship would be an adventure, was pushing her through the bars with considerable violence.

When her father's health failed he retired to Canada. Lena Ashwell grew up there and moved with the family to Europe when a young



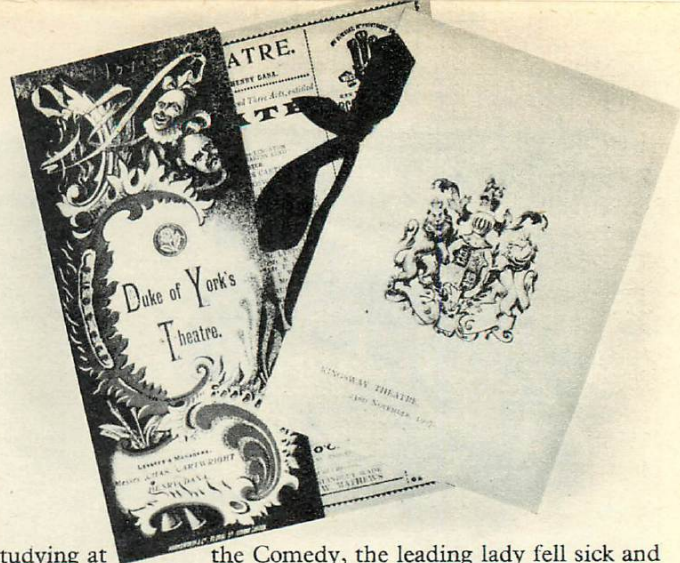
girl. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where her famous meeting with Ellen Terry occurred. Then she faced the difficult search for an opening on the stage. She knew few people in England; all her relations there regarded the theatre as "not respectable"; there were no schools of drama, and the only opening to the theatre was through the stage door.

Her first idea was to ask Ellen Terry to let her walk on at the Lyceum. "I went to her house and waited full of hope," remembers Miss Ashwell. "She came down the stairs in a whirl of collecting all her things for rehearsal, giving directions to all sorts of people, paused for a moment on the landing, heard me for a second and said: 'Get experience; do anything, go anywhere, but get experience.' Then she disappeared. I almost hated her at that moment but later I knew how right she was."

So for ten weary months she went off every morning in search of work and came back every night in tears. The first opening came through a friend of her sister's, author of many one-act plays. She was so terrified at the interview that she tore the gimp off the chair, but she got a part. Other opportunities followed, until the great day arrived when she was engaged by one of the actor-managers, George Alexander himself.

From then it was a gradual rise to success. While under-

She made her name triumphantly in "Mrs. Dane's Defence"



studying at the Comedy, the leading lady fell sick and she took over. She went on tour as leading lady. And then came parts with Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum with the especial glamour that spacious theatre held, with its flickering gas footlights that somehow added to the mystery of the plays. All those invited to take part in a production there were considered to have the hallmark of achievement. Later she made her name triumphantly in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, with Wyndham, and Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, with Tree. Then she toured the States with her company, and returned to this country to start her own theatre, the Kingsway.

It was an experiment that she had often longed to make. Always at the back of her mind was that last interview with Irving, when they were both on tour. She had expected to be with him for minutes and he had talked to her for hours about the slow commercialising of the profession as an industry; had told her how few he felt regarded the theatre as a spiritual influence, and asked her to fight for it as a means of educating men's hearts. The Kingsway was to be a step to that, a place for players who cared for their work and whose importance was not to be measured by the size of their salaries.

Then war was declared and Miss Ashwell turned the same adventurous vision to the part women could play. Why not have women on the land, in the buses, on the stations, she and some friends suggested. Like all people who see a stretch further than their neighbours they met with opposition and it was not till the next war that all her ideas were put into practice.

She took the theatre to the war front

But it was through her own profession that she made her great contribution to those war years. The project of taking concert parties to the front took root in her brain, and against the timid doubts as to what people will say that a pioneering scheme arouses in most of us, she fought for it and raised money for it and took the first party out herself. From then on parties went out all the time, not only to France, but to Egypt, and with Allenby to Jerusalem. All the money was raised by people of the theatre. Finally, there were 600 artists taking part and, at the time of the armistice, twenty-five parties in France alone giving fifty entertainments a day. They gave them in hospitals, in the railway station at Le Havre, from huts, tents, the quay where the trains brought in the wounded, even the grandstand on Rouen racecourse, at one end of which stood a huge coke brazier where the freezing artists could warm themselves.

"I had always longed," she wrote, "that artists might have their proper recognition as a great arm of national service. In our professional capacity we might be as real a necessity as the

Red Cross or St. John Ambulance." They certainly came near it then. Everywhere they went the men crowded to hear them, sitting, standing, perched on water carts and every kind of box. Sometimes they climbed on to the roof of the huts and tore off the slates, making holes through which they could see and hear. Parties were sent right up to the firing line, and concerts were given in the open, punctuated by the roar of guns. The men demanded good stuff, and she took them Barry, Sheridan, Shakespeare. She had always longed to play Lady Macbeth since as a child in Canada she had sat on the granite rocks by the St. Lawrence and recited plays to the wild columbines. Now, in 1916, in a theatre party at Rouen her dream came true.

She took the theatre to the people

The success of this project encouraged her to yet another venture: a scheme to take good theatre to the suburbs, where the people of a borough could meet as a family in their own theatre or town hall to enjoy plays they could otherwise see only in the West End, and meet the cast after the performance. So the "Lena Ashwell Players" went on tour, visiting a different borough every night of the week and giving a first chance to many of the actors whose names shine in the bright lights today. Miss Ashwell described those years as "ten years of struggle, hoping that some plan would be found to enable the poorest to have the same opportunities to hear and see the finest in poetry and drama." Mr. Attlee, then Mayor of Stepney, was the first to see and take an interest in the scheme.

Today Lena Ashwell has the white hair and chiselled profile of an old lady. It is easy to forget this because the vitality of mind and heart, which was hers in the days on stage and war-front, is hers still. I think of her as a woman of vision, an artist, and a fighter—today as much as yesterday. She has the modesty of the great artist, seeing herself not so much as something great as the channel for something great. She told me how in her mind she used to "ask for" the particular mood she had to portray on the stage. On one occasion it was a scream that she wanted, and as she travelled to and from the theatre she asked for it, till on the top of a bus one afternoon she heard distinctly in her mind the particular sound she needed. Next day at rehearsal she was asked to scream and did so, so realistically that people rushed from all over the theatre to see who had been hurt. In the same tradition was Ellen Terry's habit of refusing to gossip with the company in the wings during the performance of the play; she would go early to her dressing room to get, not only clothed outwardly, but "into the skin of the part," and would stay there in quietness until the very last second.

Miss Ashwell's conception of

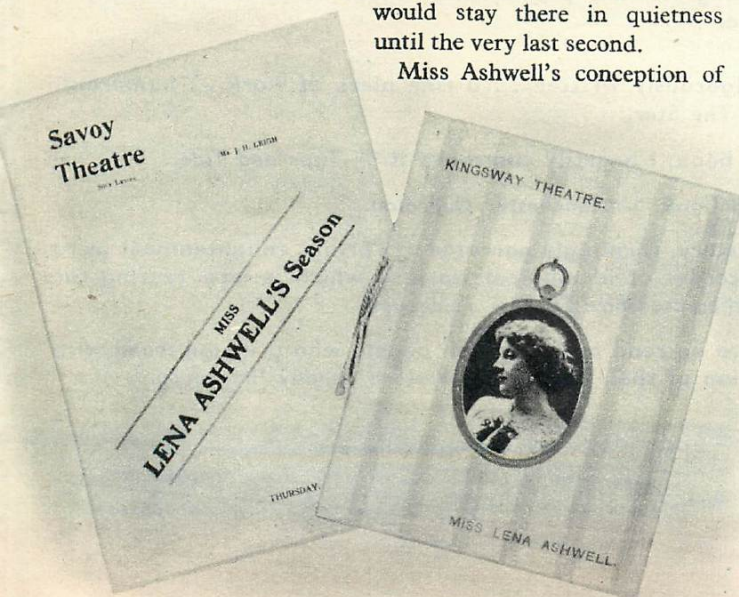


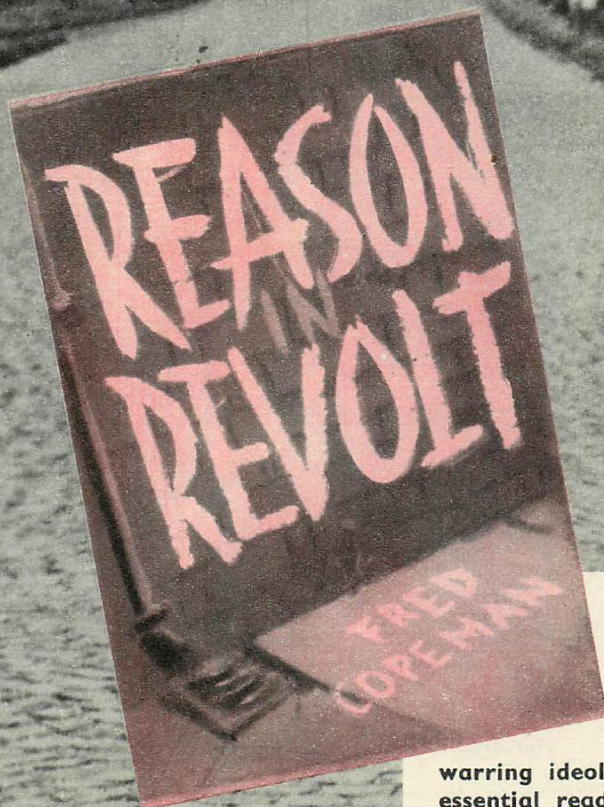
Her dream to play Lady Macbeth came true at the war front

the theatre was in line with this; for her it was not a purely commercial concern, but a vocation which demanded everything of its artists—hard work, heart and imagination.

That was why she hailed *The Good Road* when it came to His Majesty's this winter. It recaptured for her the things that had meant most in her days on the stage—the creation of something together by the whole cast, the close link between actors and audience, the way the play was the thing and not the box office—it was her idea of the Kingsway in practice in 1948.

For her the spirit behind these performances fulfilled an old dream. It held too, a new promise for the future, a future where the theatre took its place again, not as a luxury to tickle the palate and soothe the nerves, but as a force in the life of the nation, "to stimulate the best and most adventurous in the human spirit." This was the conception she had fought for all her life, and it is the key to her greatness. Perhaps it is also the key to the renaissance that we long for in the culture of our nations.





a milestone on the road

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